

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Number
1146

Wartime
Issue—2d

POSTAGE
Inland 1d
Abroad 4d

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RAGGED KNIGHT

DURING the recent spell of frost a little boy of seven fell through the ice on one of Dublin's canals and was in danger of drowning. He was promptly rescued, however, by a workman who was passing by.

As the man brought the little lad, all shivering and dripping, to the bank, a ragged boy about twelve years old appeared and immediately offered to take the boy home. This he did, but not before he had taken off his own ragged overcoat and wrapped it round the shivering little fellow.

Only when the Ragged Knight had taken off his overcoat was it realised how naked was the body it had been covering, and how noble was his action.

WHAT SORT OF A WORLD IS YOURS?

WE are all believing that the world will be a better place after this. There would be no hope for us unless that faith was firmly planted in our hearts. But never let us lose sight of the fact that there can be no better world unless we make it. It all depends on us, as the Archbishop says.

It is worth while to forget the war sometimes, even now with all the thrill of victory and all the instinct of danger with which we are surrounded, and to ask ourselves what sort of a world we like.

ARE we rich, caring nothing who is poor? Are we poor, caring nothing if we can be rich? Are we merchants, worshipping success in business? Are we conspirators, seeking our own ends at any cost? Are we selfish, taking all and giving none? Are we pessimists, thinking the world is a horrible place? Are we living in a little corner of the world and forgetting all the rest of it? Are we like Hamlet living in a world of gloom, or like Milton in his world of faith, or like Shakespeare in his illimitable realm in which all things are possible? We can choose our own world, and it is the sum of our desires that will make life what it will be when this bitterness is done with.

What sort of world do you want? What is the atmosphere you give yourself to live in?

No Life of No Account

We can be, every one of us, a blessing or a curse, a burden or a helper to mankind. We can make life easier or harder for those about us, and can sow seeds on the wind that will bring up wheat or tares we know not where. Every life counts. It has been well said that we sow an act and reap a habit, that we sow a habit and reap a character, that we sow a character and reap a destiny. It is true. However small our lives, there is none without influence in the great scheme of things, none so poor that is of no account. It was a few words from a woman at a cottage door that set John Bunyan thinking, and no man can measure the good they have done.

THEREFORE we must believe that we matter, and shall count at the Peace. Our life will be what we make it. It is in our minds that the world we live in exists. What we think affects the whole world as far as our lives go. This thought was in Hamlet's mind when he said there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.

Right and Wrong

There is nothing necessarily bad in money, but thinking makes it so. There is nothing necessarily bad in force, but thinking may make it so. There is nothing necessarily bad in being born into poverty or exalted rank, but thinking may make it so.

It is remarkable how the idea of right and wrong has changed throughout the centuries. It was held to be right to burn a man alive if he did not agree with you. It was held to be right to drown a poor old woman in a sack if you thought she was a witch. It was held to be right to make another man your slave. It was held to be right to shut the door of knowledge to a man if he did not belong to your particular church. It was held to be right to make little children three years old draw coal wagons in the pit. It was held to be right to hang a man before crowds of people looking on. It was held to be right to flog our soldiers, to colonise our empire with convicts, to

send men into exile for thinking of trade unions, or to hang them for stealing sheep. Now every one of these things is held to be wrong; thinking makes it so.

For centuries men have believed that riches are a great blessing; that money is the thing we must all try to get. Now the thought of the world is changing. It is right to desire a happy life and the comfort and opportunity money will bring, but the pursuit of money for its own sake is the root of all evil. We know quite well that a man is no better man because he is rich, and no worse because he is poor. We know that the temptations

WE laugh at it now, when the King is the brother of his people, one with us all in danger and in sorrow, but that was the world in which Queen Victoria thought royalties should live. They must pretend that they were of richer flesh and blood than other folk—there was something in it like the idea of the Nazis that they are the purest people on the earth.

So it is that we make the world we live in; it is full of colour and triumph and wonder and joy, or a world of misery, confusion, and despair—we make it so. What are we contributing to it? What little brick have we put into this structure



LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT

of wealth are greater than the temptations of poverty, that too often with money comes a narrowing and hardening of life, while with poverty comes the inspiration of the struggle, the thrill of the fight, the joy of the reward. If we counted the names of the poor boys who have made the world rich we should fill an encyclopædia; if we tried to measure the happiness of the lives of poor struggling folk there is no measure in the world that is great enough to do it.

Queen Victoria's World

There are still old people who remember the terrible etiquette of Queen Victoria's Court. It reads like a fairy tale. When Queen Alexandra lived in Marlborough House as Princess of Wales things were sent from the shops for her to choose from, but it was a mortal offence to Queen Victoria for the princess to speak to the man who brought the goods; she spoke to her lady-in-waiting, and the lady-in-waiting repeated the words to the shopman. When the Prince of Wales had his beard trimmed every morning at Marlborough House the barber came from a London shop, but the prince never spoke to him; the valet stood by to tell the man with the scissors what to do.

which all mankind inhabits? Have we added anything worth while, or have we been a burden to it, a drag on the wheel? Do we belong to those who carry the world on their backs or to those who are carried by it? Are we among the great encouragers or among the miserable pessimists?

Be of Good Cheer

We remember a man who rode into the City every morning in a magnificent car. He got into it as if he was tired. He sank back on the cushions. He was one of the richest men alive, but there was no sparkle in his eye. He did not notice that the sun was shining. He did not hear the thrush singing in the trees. He was looking down at sheets of figures, reports of companies. His money had made the world a wretched place for him.

A man would pass by as the car was waiting, walking to his office because he liked the exercise and liked to keep the machinery of his body in order. There was a glow on his cheeks and a suppleness in his limbs. He loved to feel the wind. He had a nod and a smile for many friendly faces. The children would greet him with shy pleasure at being noticed; the roadman was

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NAZIS LOOT THEIR PICTURE GALLERIES

WE find it difficult to imagine what would be the reaction in this country if our Prime Minister, without a word to Parliament or the nation, removed a dozen paintings from their frames in the National Gallery and sent them secretly across the Atlantic to be sold.

This is apparently what Hitler has done with some world-famous paintings in the National Gallery of his country, the Kaiser-Friedrich Museum. Like any other looter, he has selected small paintings, easily hidden, yet they are masterpieces, estimated as worth £2,000,000 in the American market. To such depths has this man descended in his effort to raise money either to pay for goods supplied by the back door, or to secure a nest-egg for himself and his gangsters when they are driven into the wilderness as outcasts of mankind.

An Insult to Italy

To an Englishman this action seems an insult to the Italian nation, for half of this loot was the work of Italy's great masters, Raphael, Giorgione, Lippi, Botticelli, Veneziano. Spain contributes a Velasquez, so that Franco and Mussolini have a common grievance in this trafficking in art.

We can well understand that no compunction would arise in the case of the three Rembrandts or the three Van Eycks, for these painters belonged to those Low Countries which Hitler has trampled down like dust. Yet Jan van Eyck the Fleming and Rembrandt the Dutchman have an immortality which will keep their names alive when Hitler is like a foul odour in the world's memory.

We wonder what the great Dutchman would have made of Hitler on a canvas. We may be sure he would have revealed him as a cheat and a liar, for he was an expert in portraying character. Probably Hitler did not realise this in choosing these paintings, for among them is that of Potiphar's Wife, of which a

German critic wrote long years ago that in expression this picture is beyond belief. "Why, what lies the woman is telling!" was his exclamation the instant he set eyes on this brilliant scene of the betrayal of an innocent Jew.

Like the Jews Hitler has beaten, robbed, and murdered, Rembrandt knew before he died what it was to pass from prosperity to poverty. The son of a miller, he grew up in a country that was becoming rich owing to its deliverance from the Spanish yoke and its mastery of the sea. The painter shared in this prosperity, but never allowed it to turn his heart from those humble folk among whom he had lived. He would take as much trouble in drawing a beggar woman as a rich burgher's wife. His paintings of the Jewish race, whether in scenes from the Bible or from life in Amsterdam, are perfect.

For a hundred years this noble Dutchman was forgotten and his works decried, but then came the final appreciation of his work, bringing to his name a fame which will never pass away. The Nazis indeed have paid him a compliment and have done more, for they have done as he himself would have wished by removing his paintings from the foul stain with which they mark everything they touch. We may hope that these pictures will find no purchasers in America, where they are intended to raise funds for treacherous purposes. In any case it is inconceivable that America would allow the money to leave its shores.

PUSSY'S TAIL

A Manchester family came out of the shelter to find their home a heap of rubble. The little girl burst into tears, for she picked out of the ruins a bit of her pussy's tail, and the family sorrowfully posted her as missing. Next morning at breakfast time, however, pussy rejoined the family, minus her bit of tail, but with appetite and spirits unimpaired.

What Sort of a World is Yours?

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always ready for a cheerful Good-Morning; the cat and dog would run to him.

We see the difference in children long before they are grown up. Often their world is made for them before they can choose for themselves. Some of them love the dark, the coming of the still and quiet time when

*The night shall be filled with music,
And the caves that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.*

But some are terrified to be left alone when night enfolds us with its wings; for them the darkness is a bringer of hobgoblins and mysterious shapes, filled with alarms and fears, and only years can bring them escape from this unreal world invented for them by stupid people. Darkness is peace for us or terror for us. Thinking makes it so.

WE all know men who live in a world made out of medicine bottles—and other bottles too; men who drudge away their lives with fears and fancies, men full of

pettiness and fussiness and little rules and regulations, men who build only with gold bricks, women who build their lives on the shifting sands of pleasure and excitement. We all know people too dull to be left alone, and far too dull for company. We knew a gardener who never enjoyed the sun because it would rain tomorrow. We knew a poor successful man who never read a book and saw the world like a parrot, but he left hundreds of thousands of pounds. Other folk there are, a mighty multitude of them, who find heaven in green fields and blue skies.

BUT it has all been much better said before; the words come ringing down to us from Galilee, *The Kingdom of Heaven is within us*. Pray that it may be in every one, and that when these days are done the joy of life may come back to the world and we shall be good neighbours all, friends and brothers, all vain things behind us, and all the nations marching on in friendly rivalry, peace, and prosperity, the life serene. **Arthur Mee**

From the Ends of the Earth They Come

From all over the world men come to fight for freedom.

It is impossible to keep count of them. Four young British residents in the Bahamas arrived in England to train for flying duties. All have had flying experience in light aircraft, acquired at their own expense. One holds a Canadian running record.

A Scotsman in Patagonia rode hundreds of miles on horseback to catch a ship from Buenos Aires. One man travelled 800 miles overland across South America to his port of sailing, and other arrivals from American countries include British residents in Tegucigalpa, Honduras; Caracas, capital of Venezuela; and Havana. Among the latest volunteers to reach London is an American citizen from Peru, formerly wireless operator in a South American air line.

The Emperor Marches Into His Paradise

The magnificent skill and courage with which British and Imperial soldiers, airmen, and technicians are paving the way of the Emperor of Abyssinia back to the throne are worthy of the exalted place that country has long occupied in literature.

There is magic for us in some of the names—Amara, Lake Tana, source of the Blue Nile, and so on. Milton, describing Paradise, has to point out that it is *not* Where Abassin kings their issue guard, Mount Amara, though this by some supposed True Paradise...

Dr Johnson, in his novel "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," places the palace of his hero in "a spacious valley in the Kingdom of Amhara" in the heart of whose royal dominions "the Father of Waters begins his course, whose bounty pours down the streams of plenty and scatters over half the world the harvests of Egypt."

Milton places Abyssinia in Paradise Lost; we may hope soon to see the Emperor find it, by our help, his Paradise Regained.

KENT'S HISTORIAN

Sir Charles Igglesden is 80. It is impossible to believe it, for he has the eternal spirit of Peter Pan himself. He has given Kent one of its most interesting papers and has run it himself for years. He has been President of the Institute of Journalists. He has sauntered all over Kent with pen and pencil and given it the biggest series of popular books ever written on its villages. And he has won for himself both in Kent and in London a multitude of friends, who will be wishing him a long continuance of his wonderful life of ceaseless energy and overflowing buoyancy.

The Children of Australia

The dearth of children in Australia, where enough little ones are not born to replace the small population, has led the Government to announce a Child Endowment Scheme.

Every child in a family after the first is to receive an endowment of 5s a week.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

THE Government have decided to buy all bulb onions in sound and marketable condition on holdings of one acre or more; they will pay £25 a ton.

Mrs Hockley of Birkenhead has celebrated her 100th birthday by knitting 20 pairs of stockings for the Waifs and Strays Society.

The Great Western Railway has put into service three fire-fighting trains, available day and night.

Lord Beaverbrook has received four guineas and sixpence for a Spitfire from ten schoolgirls at King's Lynn who raised it by an interval entertainment at a whist drive.

An old lady of 84 has knitted 43 blankets from scraps and pieces of material given to her by friends and obliging managers of shops.

The R T S has issued a splendid book on Flying Model Planes, by Harry McDougall, which is crammed with useful information for the young constructor; it costs 6s.

In six months children of the Church of England school at Tideswell, Derbyshire, have collected 12 tons of waste paper, going round for it with prams.

We hear from one of its boys that his school, St Robert Bellarmine at Bootle, raised £14 9s. 7d. for Bootle's War Weapons Week.

Sir Frederick Banting, the Canadian discoverer of insulin was killed in a

Scout and Guide News Reel

PROMPT action by Scout Robert Brown of Northwich saved his baby sister's life when she swallowed a coin; Robert turned the child upside down and gave it a smart slap on the back to dislodge the coin from the throat.

About 1500 people attended a Camp Fire organised by the Scouts of Bulawayo in aid of war funds.

The story has been told of six Lithuanian Scouts with whom B-P shook hands and who, being unwilling to wash their hands afterwards, at last resolved to wash all in one bowl and bottle the water!

Wolf Cub Elwyn Williams has been awarded the Scout Certificate of Gallantry for rescuing a 5-year-old girl from drowning.

By collecting and selling waste paper Exeter Guides have made £100 for the war effort.

Hammersmith Guides and Rangers visit the West London Hospital on Saturday afternoons when they sort

plane crash in Newfoundland while on his way to England to help in meeting the poison-gas menace.

An old-age pensioner, formerly a gardener and chauffeur, has given £1000 of his life savings to endow a bed at Darlington Hospital.

Ten thousand boxes of gifts from school members of the American Red Cross have been received for children who have been bombed in this country.

Some time ago Natives flocked to see a model Native house in the Nairobi showground, and so impressed were they that there are now 2000 such houses in one Native Reservation alone.

Little jungle villages in Burma can now hear Big Ben, for cars equipped with wireless are bringing the news to remote parts of the country.

A Shropshire pilot whose engine failed glided 80 miles back to his aerodrome.

A GIANT pie containing 30 rabbits, a sack of potatoes, a stone of onions, and 8 lbs of lard was made and sold in aid of Castleford's Spitfire Fund, some of the materials being saved from rations.

Cheesemaking is to begin again in Derbyshire, where the industry has been at a standstill.

From Ireland comes the news that a doctor of Kerry has found a way of making soft fleecy carpets from bulrushes.

laundry, make swabs and dressings, and help in many other ways.

From a little Guide's letter: "I try to keep smiling as you told me to; I must grin and bear it, as I am a Brownie."

EUROPEAN and Native Guides of South Africa are helping the Red Cross to raise money for an Air Ambulance; they are also hoping to present a mobile hospital, costing £3000, to the South African forces.

Among collections of waste made by Scouts have been an ancient shoe sewing-machine, an aluminium section from R 101, and several German guns.

A Rover crew has been formed by 29 Scouts of New Zealand, now stationed with the Expeditionary Force in Egypt.

Girl Scouts of Hull in Massachusetts have sent five dollars for Guides in Hull, Yorkshire, who have suffered from enemy action.

Home

The church at Tobruk was found to be undamaged after the capture of the town. One day an Aussie wandered in, sat down at the organ, and began to play Home, Sweet Home. The church was at once filled with voices, for every soldier within hearing came and joined in the singing of the Exile's Anthem.

THINGS SEEN

A flock of starlings at Farndon taking the putty from newly-glazed windows on a housing estate.

A starling switching on a light at Wimbledon.

A seagull pecking at a pudding through a kitchen window.

Ulster farmers ploughing their fields by moonlight.

A runaway horse stopping suddenly as the traffic lights turned red.

A GUILDHALL BETTER THAN EVER

Out of evil good will come. This is the conclusion to which Sir Giles Scott has come in his report on the Guildhall Fire.

Little harm has come to the 14th-century walls of this historic building, the destruction having been limited to the wooden roof and other Victorian additions. The glass, too, will not be missed, for it was far inferior in quality to that being made today, which lets in light rather than keeping it out.

A temporary steel roof is to be fitted to make the Guildhall usable, and new glass and a new roof will be added to the ancient walls as soon as peace returns. The Guildhall will then be better than ever, for its old walls which have survived the two Great Fires of London will remain and the new roof and windows will surpass those that have been lost.

BRADFORD GOES AHEAD

All the world knows that Bradford is a pioneer city in health and education services. Before the war it had communal feeding centres, and now it has a kitchen for war-working mothers where meals are served at less than sixpence for three courses. Bradford's free breakfasts for poor children were among the first in England. The city appointed a School Medical Officer 13 years before Parliament made it compulsory, and it had the first open-air school and the first municipal hospital.

A POCKET LIVINGSTONE

The Livingstone Press, which naturally delights in the memory of David Livingstone, and has already seven publications concerning him, has now added an eighth—a delightful little sixpenny coloured folder for the pocket. Alphabetical Adventures of Livingstone in Africa for boys and girls it is called, and it is as neat a thing for 6d as could be given away, half a dozen at a time.

THIS KIND WORLD

This story of an old-age pensioner comes to us from the Isle of Thanet, where lately an old lady appeared at the police court charged with breaking the Lighting Regulations. She had only five shillings, and, on hearing that a fine of twice this amount had been imposed, asked that she might be allowed to pay the balance when she drew her next pension. As she left the court there occurred a little incident which few noticed, one of the magistrates passing a ten-shilling note to the clerk of the court. The old lady almost broke down, so great was her relief, and went home grateful that there is still much kindness in the world.

MR YAPP

Somebody writes to us suggesting that the most bombed man in England is probably Mr H. A. Yapp, who has been bombed out of five homes, one flat, and one train. He is now in Nottingham, and we hear that his answer to Hitler is—Yapp.

THE POST ARRIVES

The Fall of Tobruk will always be remembered by one Australian soldier. He was in the Signal Corps, and in the midst of the fierce fighting a mail truck drove up to the front line of battle and distributed letters to the soldiers.

When Tobruk had been taken this particular soldier wrote home to his family and told them how thrilled he had been to get a letter from them in the midst of the battle!

Where is the Sugar Going?

DEAR EDITOR, Mrs Paul's letter on this subject displays a very common overestimate of the value of sugar in the form of sweets.

The food value of commercial sugar is small. How much sugar in manufactured form did the forefathers of whom we are so proud consume?

It is extremely likely that sweet-eating causes a good deal of stomach trouble, and it is certain that their children's habit of chewing sweets between meals is often the cause of the lack of appetite which worries many parents.

Twelve Women of Good Courage

LORD RENNELL spoke wisely when he said of the British Ambulance Unit going out to Greece that nothing it could do would be too good for the valiant Greeks fighting so magnificently in Albania.

It is true, and, knowing something of the leader of this Ambulance Unit, we are sure that its service to the Greek troops will be worth all their valour.

The unit is made up of 12 members of the Mechanised Transport Corps, all young

women volunteers going out to aid the Greek wounded. One is a professional masseuse, one a dressmaker, one a musician, and the 12 have been selected from 60 applicants after a rigid medical test. They go without pay, taking with them six ambulances and a staff car given to them by Americans. On arrival in Greece they will take up duty under the direction of the Greek Minister of Health, and it is good to know that, though they will receive no pay, a fund of £400 has been raised for them by Anglo-Greeks

in London for the purpose of providing a few extra comforts.

In charge of this splendid piece of work is one of the most gifted figures in the Girl Guide Movement, Miss Alison Tennant, a niece of Lady Oxford. Both her father and mother have rendered notable public service to their country; Alison Tennant is carrying on their high tradition, and we wish her unit as much comfort as will be possible in the hard life they have chosen, and a safe return to an Island Home at peace again.



Ploughing For Victory

A prize-winning pair in competitions at Skelton in Cumberland

THE SHOP IN THE GARDEN

A great Sheffield store was much damaged during an air-raid not long ago. In looking about for new premises the managers found a great house two miles out of the city, standing in beautiful gardens and with some fifty spacious rooms.

More than a hundred girls will be serving in this pleasant shop, and it is expected that its customers will greatly enjoy shopping in a place reached by a walk through a beautiful garden.

The store was formally opened by the Lord Mayor.

THE TAILOR'S BILL

A Leeds tailor was surprised the other day to receive a letter from Natal. It had been written by a customer he had almost forgotten, and the customer said he wished to apologise for not having completed payment for the last consignment of goods in 1930. "I think I owe you £4 8s," he wrote, "and as the British people are showing such pluck and endurance I feel I must help all I can by paying my debts."

LITTLE GEORGE OF ENGLAND

George, a little English boy, had been transplanted from Merseyside to Scotland, and his grandmother took him one day to lunch at a restaurant in one of that country's biggest cities. A lively band was playing and George grew a little restive. Suddenly Grannie saw George threading his way among the tables. The band leader, astonished, stooped down and asked, "What can I do for you, little man?"

A pair of pleading blue eyes met his. "Please," said George, "will you play There'll always be an England, and I'll sing?"

KEYS OF VICTORY

More than 11,000 spare keys have been handed in by L M S railwaymen towards the company's Scrap campaign. To one key was attached a tragic message, saying: "Melt this down for bullets; it was the key to the money-box of a little child killed in the London blitz."

IN PRAISE OF THE WHALE

One of the marvels Gulliver is reputed to have seen in the land of Brobdingnag, where the men were 60 feet high, was a whale served whole at the king's gigantic dinner-table. To eat whales seemed a flight of fancy to the author or he would not have included the story among his fables.

But whales are eaten today, tinned for human beings and quite palatable according to report, the bones being ground up for poultry and animals, and the oil refined as a priceless addition to our butter substitutes in wartime. This oil is of considerable protective value owing to the vitamin it contains.

The Long and Short of It

For a number of years past it has seemed that boys and girls, taken as a whole, were growing taller and bigger for their ages than those of the generation before them. Measurements of large numbers of them up to the ages of 15 have shown as much as an average gain of an inch in height and four pounds in weight, and it has been assumed in Australia and America that this has been due to better food and healthier conditions of living. But now the astonishing news comes from America,

A NEW HOPE AT SEA

Mr R. S. Chipchase of Sunderland has invented a new kind of raft for emergencies.

Known as the Lifecraft, this cleverly designed and easily manufactured raft is intended to support a number of people for about a week. It is bullet-proof, and so easy to launch that a kick with the foot will dislodge a wedge and enable the raft to slip into the water from a ship's deck. It can float either way up.

Tests of the invention have proved satisfactory, and the inventor has promptly and freely handed over all rights to the Ministry of Shipping.

30,000 PACKETS OF KINDNESS

Each blind person who borrows a talking-book from the National Institute for the Blind receives with the records a packet of ten gramophone needles, a gift from blind talking-book readers in America, who sent over 300,000 needles for this purpose—30,000 packets of ten, or 30,000 packets of kindness.

The gift has proved most timely, for the Institute recently lost a million needles when the crate containing them received a direct hit from a bomb.

BOOKS FOR THE EAST END, PLEASE

The Editor would be grateful to any readers of the CN who have children's books to spare if they would send a parcel to the Children's House, Kingsley Hall, Powis Road, Bow, E 3.

Though much of the work of the Children's House is now being done in the country, much remains behind at Kingsley Hall, and a lending library is now being started for the boys and girls of this crowded area of the East End.

All the world knows how brave the East End is; will you send it a small reward in the shape of a parcel of books for its children?

CURIOSITY OF THE MONEY MARKET

Quite recently an English five-pound note was offered for exchange in Lisbon, and the most that could be obtained for it was 2s 9d.

At first sight this looks bad, but it is not so bad as it looks. Very big amounts of English notes are held abroad, a great deal of it in France and Germany. Our Government prevents all such notes from being returned to this country, and, as it cannot be used where it is, for the duration of the war every English note is dead money.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



FROM MY WINDOW

B-P'S LAST WORDS *Rome and Japan*

WE gave at the time Lord Baden-Powell's last words to the Girl Guides. Here are his last words to the Scouts:

The real way to get happiness is by giving out happiness to other people. Try and leave this world a little better than you found it, and when your turn comes to die you can die happy in feeling that at any rate you have not wasted your time, but have done your best. Be prepared in this way to live happy and to die happy—stick to your Scout promise always, even after you have ceased to be a boy; and God help you to do it.

And these are his last words to the world:

Looking back on a life of over 80 years, I realise how short life is and how little worth while are anger and political warfare. The most worth-while thing is to try and put a bit of happiness into the lives of others.

No man put more happiness into the world; no man got more happiness out of it. Would you rather have been B-P or Hitler?

This Is London

We are proud to be in the front line.

THESE words were not written by a soldier in the thick of the fighting. They do not come from some gallant Australian enjoying the thrill of battle in Africa. They were written by the inmates of a London Home for Aged and Infirm Ladies, many of whom are over 90, and with them was a gift of two guineas for the Red Cross.

BLUE AND GOLD

A LETTER from Cornwall tells us of a nurse now training at Oxford who wrote home describing an incident which lifted up her heart the other day. She was cycling in a country lane when "a lovely thing happened. A little boy, with two little girls, called out as I passed, *Spring is come*, and held up for me to see a violet and a buttercup. It was one of the most beautiful things I can remember for a long time."

Under the Editor's Table

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know why Scots eat haggis. Don't know what else to do with it.

SPECTACLES were not mentioned in Europe until the thirteenth century. But long before that there were strange sights.

THE rest of a country does not always share the view of its capital. It may see farther.

AN electric hand cutter has been introduced into a clothing factory. Most boys find a penknife quite effective.

COMEDIANS laugh at the Old School Tie. And take it off.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If you can do a running commentary standing still

DUTCH door-bells ring only when a coin is put in a slot. Visits are not only paid but paid for.

FIRE-watchers should be posted on high buildings. And be men of the same stamp.

WAITERS are getting off-hand. Too much on fool?

DON'T grow in your garden the same vegetables that you grew last year, says a gardener. Can't. They're gone.

EXAMINING your family tree is an interesting hobby. Especially for social climbers.

ON BEING KIND

AN old lady and gentleman, we know have suffered serious disabilities.

The husband went blind, and his wife looked after him until she had a bad heart attack. Their struggle against ill-health and poverty seemed lost, yet this is what the husband said the other day: "My old lady has got the turn, thanks to the kindness of our neighbours; without it we couldn't have carried on."

Do we sufficiently realise what true kindness means? It is not merely a word in our language. It is the way we should conduct our dealings with our brothers and sisters. When our parents teach us, in sharing anything, to give away the bigger portion, that is our first lesson in kindness. We must keep on with our lessons. A teacher we know could never mention kindness without adding, "to men, and animals." Kindness to men only is not enough.

That fine-spirited Red Indian Grey Owl gave up his way of making a livelihood by trapping animals because it was too cruel, and until he died he devoted his time to imploring people to stop being cruel to our animal friends. Fox-hunting has stopped during the war. The C N has often raised its voice against this form of cruelty. May it do so again, hoping that what the war has made impossible man may make impossible in peace. It must be said that, however laudable his other actions may be, a man who can permit cruelty to animals, or witness it as a sport, is not truly kind.

Kindness is part of the attitude each of us takes up towards our life. We know how grateful we feel when we are blessed by receiving kindness. It is ennobling merely to read of kind things, and more than ever, as we travel under the shadow of war, we need the spirit of helpfulness.

The Little Man at the Window

READING the hectoring terms in which Axis Japan addresses itself to Holland in its distress, concerning the Dutch East Indies, a memory comes to us of a scene in the famous House in the Wood at The Hague where we remember calling 30 years ago.

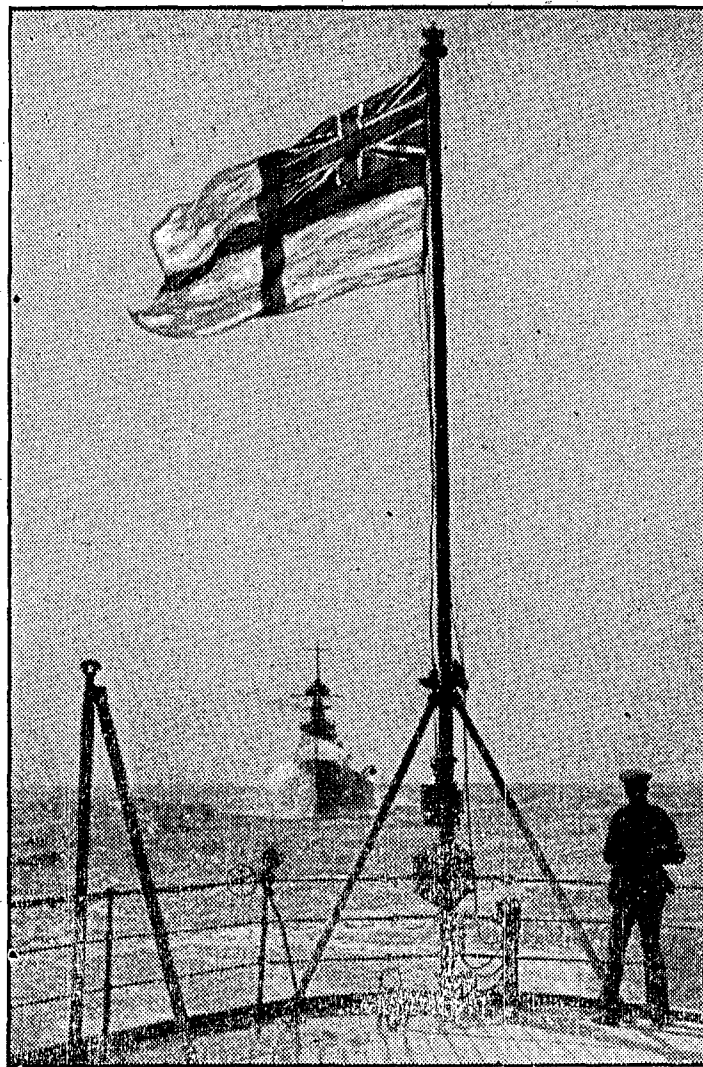
The Curator led us to the magnificent Orange Salon, the octagonal hall in which the Tsar's Peace Conference was held in 1899.

"Here was the table," said he, "and round it sat the delegates of the nations. When all had taken their places there remained a little fellow alone in the window recess for whom no provision had been made. We found that this unexpected visitor represented Japan, and we had to improvise accommodation for him by giving him a little table to himself in the window, and very humbly grateful he was for it."

What a difference has come about during these 40 years!

JUST AN IDEA

Whatever happens, do not forget that man has made it impossible for the best that is in him to perish. He has made his Mind immortal.



FOLLOWING THE FLAG

Hurrah For the Pedal Wireless

A STOCKMAN in Australia is riding round with a smile on his lips and gratitude in his heart for the pedal wireless receiver, for when he dislocated his shoulder not long ago it was set by wireless!

Bush surgery is no easy matter, and this patient happened to be hundreds of miles away from Broken Hill, at the Innamincka Mission.

It was a dramatic scene. The Flying Doctor sat in his surgery at Broken Hill. He gave directions over the telephone to the town's wireless base, which was linked by pedal wireless to the mission station. The mission sister pedalled hard, and as the directions came through she passed them on to a mounted policeman and a stockman, who carried them out.

Hold the arm close to his side. Got that? said the doctor.

Yes, we're doing that, said the policeman.

Keep on holding the arm firmly and bring the elbow outwards. Do you follow me?

So the directions went on, until the shoulder clicked into

place and the little bush doctor was over.

Another pedal wireless story had a dramatic race with storm on lonely Maria Island, which lies east of Tasmania, not long ago.

A young man on the island was stricken with acute appendicitis and it was imperative that he should be taken to hospital. For hours the island's pedal wireless set sent out a call for help: "Boat wanted to get man to mainland. Man, desperately ill. Will anyone listening in let Hobart radio know we want to get a man off hospital from Maria Island?"

Things looked black when the barometer began to fall; meant a storm. Again and again the call was sent out, and at last it was heard by a wireless station, and a fisherman set out from the mainland to bring in the sick man. He had hardly landed his patient when the storm broke; he had just been in the nick of time, for so fierce and continuous was the storm that the island was unapproachable for days.

Something Good in an Internment Camp

We found this note in our copy of "The Friend" in an article evidently by someone with free access to the Internment Camps in the Isle of Man.

AFTER six months or more, see what has blossomed. There have flowered friendships, understanding, services of all kinds. All class and social distinctions are abolished; the worth of a man alone remains. News of the sufferings of British towns brought a wave of sympathetic feeling, and diminished the tendency to self-pity. Spontaneous

collections were made for the victims, and toys from the camp workshop were sent to the children of Coventry.

These camps have their long rolls of honour. Their names will never appear in print, but we thank God for them. Unknown men have proved strong. Human kindness has broken out irrepressibly among internees, officers, and guards.

A divine shining has once again lightened the darkness of a prison house.

The Wondrous Past of Italy

An old friend of the C N, who himself is the son of an Anglo-Italian father and an English mother, writes to us as follows:

Some pride in being descended from two nations who have between them contributed so much to civilisation, and it came back to me to read in the C N the following paragraph:

A correspondent tells us of a Liverpool family which was listening-in to Italian opera when the father, tired of it, was about to switch over to another programme. Then his schoolboy son remarked, "Oh, keep it on a bit longer, dad; let's listen to something they really can do."

It seems to me a pity that the father in this story did not reprove his schoolboy son, for it is above all things necessary, if the world is to arrive at lasting peace, for children to be nurtured in respect for all nations, and I can imagine the father replying to him something like this way:

Boy, it is a pity you have not yet learned that Italy is the chief author of white civilisation, and that, although great in music, that is the debt of our debts to her.

Rome was the mistress of the greater part of the white world, and, for centuries, the achieved empire without powder, railways, motor-cars, planes, or tanks, solely strength of arm, heart, and sense, and by such toleration her subjects were proud to be known as Roman citizens.

The barbarians overcame her, and night fell upon the world for centuries. White civilisation almost died, and we entered the period of the Dark Ages. Europe revived under the influence of Italy. What is called the Renaissance (Rebirth) began about 1300. Italy brought back the art and learning to Europe. Brilliant light spread from the Mediterranean, illuminating minds in all lands, and dominating all the arts. Thus the modern world came to birth. Wonderful men arose to match the deeds of the time, including that a genius as the world has never seen, Leonardo da Vinci. Italy has produced great men in every department of human life, whether we consider architecture or painting, law or administration, sculpture or music,

poetry or medicine, war or discovery. Such names as St Francis, Leonardo, Augustus, Julius Caesar, Scipio, Michel Angelo, Titian, Botticelli, Columbus, Marco Polo, Raphael, Petrarch, Dante, Horace, Cicero, Virgil, Volta, Mazzini, Garibaldi, attest the infinite variety of her genius.

Or consider the Latin language. The Romans gave the world a host of beautiful words which dignified and ennobled white speech. Shakespeare's poems would fall to pieces if we deleted the words of Latin origin. Consider such fine Roman words as honour, faith, peace, liberty, civilisation, courage, patience, fortitude, order, justice, faith, noble, generous, gratitude, labour, dignity, law, plead, pity, gentle, compassion, remember, treasure, affection, beauty, tender, blessing, sacred, religion. Such words are poems; to use another Latin root, they are, like Rome, herself, eternal. You might reflect that noble words can only originate in a noble people. What I have told you is a mere outline; you should trace the story for yourself, and some day visit Italy to see her works and know her people. You will find them so amiable that it may be truly said that their chief fault is their ardent desire to please.

C N entirely agrees with its correspondent, for it has many times used its admiration of Italy and her people. All the more holy is it that so fine a people, with so great a past, should have so low as to allow a braggart like Mussolini to plunge it into ruin as the puppet of the Maniac of Berlin.

The Danger With the Safe

Librarian of the House of Lords, Mr Charles Clay, has wisely reminding those who, themselves, are in charge of the documents of a simple truth which many have forgotten since they were in school.

A scientific fact is that iron is necessary for a fire. Many owners of safes which emerged intact from fires have been so eager to discover

if their valuable contents have suffered in any way that they have opened them before they have cooled down sufficiently. By doing this they have admitted air into the safes, with the result that the papers have burst into flames before their startled eyes.

Mr Clay points out that the fireproof safe obtains its special protective qualities as much from its airtight-fitting door as from the thickness of its steel walls.

Keeping It For Mother

Meat is sometimes scarce in this country now, but it is far scarcer in China.

When the National Christian School in Shanghai wanted to give a special treat to some boys and girls, it was not that they would rather eat a slice of meat than sweets. The usual meal given to these children is rice and vegetables.

The meat gave tremendous pleasure to the little ones, who nibbled it slowly to make it last. Perhaps that given to the bigger boys produced even greater pleasure; 40 out of these 75 boys put their meat aside altogether, and, on their teacher asking why, they explained that they wanted to take it home to their mothers.

IF LIFE WERE ALWAYS MERRY

If all the skies were sunshine,
Our faces would be fair
To feel once more upon them
The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music,
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,
Our souls would seek relief
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.

Henry Van Dyke

The King and the Cottage

THE poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the Crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter. But the King of England cannot enter; all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement.

Earl of Chatham

TWO WORLDS

THERE are two worlds: the world we can measure with line and rule, and the world we feel with our hearts and imagination.

Leigh Hunt

I Would Be Brave

I WOULD be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

Howard A. Walter

A GOOD PENNYWORTH

IF thou sellest, do not commend; if thou buyest do not dispraise; but give the thing thou hast to do with its just value and worth. Be moderate in all thy sellings, and be sure let the poor have a pennyworth.

John Bunyan

Where is the Grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be?
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the twigs of a young birch tree!

The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone—and the birch in its stead is grown.

The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints, I trust. Samuel Taylor Coleridge

His Time Would Come

I HAVE begun many things many times and have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me.

Disraeli's first speech in Parliament

MADONNA'S PRAYER

HOLY angels and blest,
Through those palms as ye sweep
Hold their branches at rest,
For my Babe is asleep.

And ye Bethlehem palm-trees,
As stormy winds rush
In tempest and fury,
Your angry noise hush;

More gently, more gently,
Restrain your wild sweep;
Hold your branches at rest;
My Babe is asleep.

Lope de Vega,
17th-century Spanish poet



CARRY ON

NINETEEN-FORTY—OUR FINEST HOUR

In response to many requests a selection of the Editor's leading articles has been made into a five-shilling volume under the title *Nineteen-Forty: Our Finest Hour*. We take these passages from the book, which will be published next week by Hodder & Stoughton.

NEVER in the history of civilisation was the ordinary life of a man or a woman or a child of such solemn account in the life of the world.

LIFE will never be the same again.

It must be kinder, simpler, happier for all. A few books, a little garden, many friends—it is paradise enough. If we bring to it a healthy body, a clean mind, and a pure spirit it will do.

IF we are slow in war it is because we have been spending our strength for peace. We have spent thousands of millions of pounds in building up a happier life since Germany last made Europe a wilderness.

WHILE Hitler has been starving German children to build up his war machine, giving the people guns instead of butter, the British Government has been giving its people higher wages and better homes, raising still higher the highest standard of living of any working people in the world.

MEN talk of our war aims, but let us talk of peace aims. Let it resound throughout the world that we long for a Christian civilisation in every land.

IN the early years of the first century twelve men set out to capture the world for Christianity. In the early years of the twentieth century a little band set out to capture the world for Barbarism.

WE are marching on the Last Crusade. This time there are no great shoutings, no bands are playing, no crowds are cheering. It is deep down in their hearts that men have set their stern resolve to free the earth from the menace of Force and the sword of the Dictator.

AMONG earth's thousand voices we must listen to the Still Small Voice that comes within. Leave the clamour of the world outside. Go to the quiet place you love—the little wood, the country lane, the garden path, the fireside—and listen. The Creator of the World will speak to you, He who will overthrow all evil powers.

A MIND will snap, a heart will break, a nation suffer shipwreck, but life goes on to its triumphant end. It has fallen to us who were born into the greatest generation the world has known to save what is noblest in the world from perishing.

THE State is ourselves; what is wrong in the State is wrong in our own lives.

THE boundless world with its unfathomable glory, its infinite opportunity, its treasure of happiness all untold, is in your keeping and mine. The future of our dreams is what we are making it now. Christianity calling: are you listening?

IT is the fair play of the English spirit that has ruled our land for a thousand years. It is the spirit that has made our laws the envy of all lands, and made every little man and woman in the street ashamed to be a bully or a brute.

LORD of the World he would be; Lord of Europe he boasts that he is. Then let him feed his people. The truth is that he is not a conqueror. He can make a smiling land into a wilderness, but never could he make a wilderness into a smiling land.

How does Hitler's credit stand, and the credit of the little partner waiting like a jackal for the spoils? *There is not a country in the world that would lend them sixpence. There is not a citizen in any other land who would volunteer to fight for them.*

WE are not such brutes as to murder women and children. Every blow we strike at Germany saps its vital strength. Every time King Arthur's Knights come home they have redressed a human wrong and robbed oppression of its power.

OUR War Aim is to drive devilry from Europe and end the reign of blackguards. Our Peace Aim is to make life nobler, broader, fairer for the common folk who are our brothers and our sisters everywhere.



Inverness Castle, standing on its hilltop overlooking the Capital of the Highlands, is little more than a century old in spite of its medieval appearance

The British Legion Carries On

WE have been reading with mingled emotions the annual report of the British Legion, some of these emotions being enhanced by the fact that the keys of the typewriter printing these words found a companion beat in the marching feet of our new army in the street below the C.N. window.

The lilt of a tune, too, passed through our memory with the words "Old soldiers never die, they simply fade away," and we came to realise that, whatever hint of cynicism may have suggested this old song, there is no touch of the cynic in the attitude of all today toward those who fought our battles over 20 years ago, nor will there be in the lifetime of the youngest of us.

Prolonging Life

We may indeed claim that the British Legion has altered our national attitude toward those who fall through no fault of their own in the wider battle of life, and that our Ministry of Pensions, most sympathetic of all Government Departments, has been leavened by the magnificent work of the devoted supporters of this splendid organisation.

The Legion exists to preserve old soldiers or their loved ones from simply fading into oblivion, and it is undoubtedly true that its timely aid has added to the years of useful life of thousands of men and women. In the bad old days nothing was farther from the truth than that the soldier lived long; hardship and suffering was in most cases his fate, with death ending all sooner than for most of his fellow men.

We read in this report that even today there are 846,200 receiving help from the Ministry of Pensions owing to casualties in the Great War, and still they come, 120 fresh claims having been put forward by the Legion last year. For the Legion is the recognised organisation through which the disabled soldier or his dependant puts forward a claim. The Legion, however, has never considered this as the chief part

of its work; it has ever regarded the more human touch as the most important—the regular visit of sympathy to a member's home and the weekly gathering of fellowship have continued in city and village ever since Earl Haig founded it 20 years ago.

In this way the British Legion has kept alive that faith which means so much in the hearts of the disabled, but it has perfected some very practical works. Best known of these is the Poppy Factory, which has produced nearly 700 million reminders of the fields of Flanders and employs 400 severely afflicted men.

Last year, in spite of the insistent calls on war work, 360,000 women came forward to sell over 30 million poppies, sprays, crosses, and so on, two million more than on the previous Armistice Day and realising nearly £600,000. Needless to say, every one of the 4358 branches of the Legion worked hard to promote the sale. There are places on the Continent, alas, which no longer have branches, the tide of war having swept them out of existence for a time.

After Dunkirk

Yet the year was marked by memorable steps forward, for not only was the Legion thrown open to the men of our present forces, but it was opened to all who had served between the two wars. One of the Legion's best institutions, the hospital at Preston Hall, near Maidstone, proved of real service in the dark days of Dunkirk, admitting 430 of the wounded, so that its operating theatres were busy night and day.

No, the Legion's work will never be allowed to fade away; it will wear for ever like the tweed garments made in the disabled men's workshops at Llanvrttyd Wells. Only when the last soldier in the last war has passed on will the Legion roll up its proud banners, and it will be the victorious end of one of the best pieces of work ever done for our country and its heroes.

The Very Man For Our Canals

HOUSEHOLDERS whose stocks of coal run low, and manufacturers rendered frantic by the slow delivery of urgent raw materials, will join in welcoming the appointment of Mr Frank Pick to look into the question of our canals. It is the very job for him and he is the very man for it. He will be able to do wonders.

It is but four short years since the C.N. was welcoming the change that had come over that network of waterways which were dug a century ago to link industrial England with its markets. There was a revival of canal transport in 1937, when some 15 million tons (half of them fuel) were carried, so easing congestion on road and rail.

In that year Birmingham was linked with Antwerp, and consequently with that magnificent Continental system, in such a way that for the first time a car could be taken from Warwickshire to Switzerland without receiving a mark from a road or a railway truck on its tyres.

It was the enterprise of the Grand Union Canal that made this achievement possible, for it had not only widened and deepened its route from the heights of Birmingham to the sea-level of its docks at Limehouse, but had created a fine fleet of motor barges and installed modern machinery for the quick lading and unloading of its goods. Other companies have been doing good work also, for heavy goods required by armament factories can best be water-borne.

It was a picture of hope that then unveiled itself, the only difficulty being the dislike of our eager youth to the long silent hours the work entails.

Today, it seems, another problem has arisen, one which has laid up many a valuable barge. Canal workers have been called into the Army, with the result that there is a shortage of 1000 men for the manning of the craft.

To get the best of these men back appears to us to be the most vital job awaiting Mr Pick.

Do We Need Great Men?

YES, BUT BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

Boy. The other day I heard some grown-ups discussing whether great men are necessary, or of any real use to a nation. They seemed very undecided, and I hope you will tell me about it.

Man. You will remember how I impressed on you that even an ordinary humdrum man is really a fine fellow, capable of doing good work and earning love and respect.

Boy. Yes, and since then I have thought it true that life is wonderful, even in its simplest forms.

Man. Well, starting from that point, we have yet to realise that the progress of mankind in arts, science, and every form of human endeavour is mainly due to exceptional men, who discover for us, who think with remarkable acuteness, who imagine to be possible what has not yet come to pass, who have the magical power to encourage us to do our best, who lead mankind. These are truly Great Men, whose lives and works are landmarks in history.

Boy. Have there been many such men?

Man. No. Compared with the masses of mankind, to the thousands of millions who have lived and died since history began, they are a negligible quantity. Consider those whose work made history and you will find them to be no more than hundreds. So rare is genius, a word which means exalted gifts, innate brilliance, inspiration, magical power to command. It is impossible to deny that a nation which at any time produces such men makes astonishing progress.

Boy. So that we must have these gifted men?

Man. Yes. The gifts of the common man become additionally fruitful at the touch of the great man, the man whose personality and leadership give him power to say, Follow me! He may even say, Follow me to the Death, and still they will follow.

Boy. You are thinking of political leadership or of war; but there are greater things than war.

Man. I am glad you said that. Every phase of life needs its great men, and occasionally finds them. Then an art or a science leaps forward with a new inspiration. The Great Man finds fresh seeds to sow and Everyman sows them, applying his good gifts to the discovery made by the Great Man. So a schoolboy in 1941 is the heir of the Agés and of the very limited number of Great Men of all races who have sought and found and led.

Boy. What of the men who might have been great but never had a chance?

Man. An interesting suggestion. Who knows how many potentially great men died of disease in infancy or were killed in their first battle? But, as we know how small a proportion of geniuses have emerged from the enormous world population of recorded time, we need not imagine that the world has lost more than a few such men. Few of us, if born before the power of steam was discovered, would have wondered sufficiently about a boiling kettle to say, "This is remarkable, this steam—why not harness it?"

Boy. So, after all, we are mostly duffers who need to be taught by Great Men?

Man. Yes, relatively to the truly Great Man, Everyman is a duffer. But we need not be humble about it, for we have power to learn.

Boy. And we must believe that the Great Man is actually necessary to any great nation?

Man. Yes—but beware of imitations. There are many sham great men whose power lies mainly in romantic speech.

JUPITER AND SATURN PARTING COMPANY

Neptune at His Nearest to Us

JUPITER and Saturn are now beginning to separate after their long proximity in our evening sky, writes the C.N. Astronomer. There is no mistaking them as they are the two brightest objects high in the south.

Jupiter, much the brighter, is now appearing to travel away to the left or eastward of Saturn, and not for another 19 years will these two worlds appear so close together again. For though Jupiter will be back in the same region of the sky in a little under twelve years' time, Saturn will by then have travelled round to the other side of the heavens, and it will take Jupiter about another seven years to catch up to Saturn—that is as seen from the Earth.

Actually Jupiter is almost as far from us as he is from Saturn, for whereas Jupiter is at present about 520 million miles away, Saturn is about 910 million miles from us. Jupiter came exceptionally close to

coincidence that two of the worst winters on record should have happened in succession just when Jupiter and Saturn were exerting their combined and most disturbing pull together and in exceptional proximity to us.

Another great world is now at its nearest to us. This is Neptune, but it requires very powerful glasses or a telescope with which to see it. When at his nearest on March 17 Neptune will be 2716 million miles distant, or about three times as far as Saturn. The exact position of Neptune may easily be found, as this year he appears quite close to the third-magnitude star Beta-in-Virgo, and may be seen in the same field-of-view of the glasses.

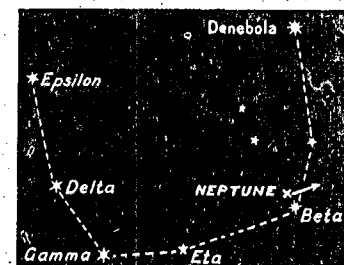
Beta-in-Virgo may be readily identified in the south-east sky after about 9 o'clock by means of the star-map; the much brighter star Denebola, which is at the tip of the Lion's Tail, being some way above Beta, while the stars Gamma, Delta, and Epsilon-in-Virgo, which are also of third magnitude, will be easily recognised.

Neptune, being invisible to the eye, is represented by a x, while the small arrow indicates his apparent path during the next two months; so when any observer succeeds in glimpsing this faint far-off world with glasses or telescope Neptune's motion will enable him to be sure of its identity. At present Neptune appears to be a little more than the Moon's apparent diameter away from Beta, and a very dark and clear sky will be necessary to reveal this planet through glasses or telescope with, at least, a two-inch lens; though with a telescope with a 2½ to 3-inch lens the planet can be readily seen.

Attracting Uranus

In a month Neptune will be better placed, for then he will be at a higher altitude in the southern sky in the evening. It is interesting to note that Neptune was the planet which, from a distance of over a thousand million miles, pulled the great planet Uranus many thousands of miles out of its true position and so revealed its own identity and came to be discovered in 1846. From this we may infer how much the recent much closer proximity of Jupiter backed up by Saturn must have affected our much less massive little Earth during the last two winters when Jupiter with Saturn approached so exceptionally near.

G. F. M.



The position of Neptune (x) among the stars of Virgo. The arrow shows the extent of his motion during the next two months.

us last year when he was only 370 million miles away, but it will be many hundreds of years before he will come as close at the same time that Saturn is also at his nearest to us.

One wonders what effect the combined gravitational pull of these, the two greatest and most weighty of worlds, will have had upon our little world. It must have been appreciable, because their combined weight amounts to some 413 times that of our world, Saturn providing nearly one-quarter of it, but from a distance nearly twice as far.

The effects of this planetary pulling at our sensitive little Earth offer a fine field for speculation and research. For example, if these planets were not a contributory cause, it must be a singular

Sweden the Good Neighbour

SWEDEN has been helping both Norway and Finland in their present difficulties.

Finnish farmers evacuated from the Karelian districts now surrendered to Russia have received from Sweden 2200 live pigs as well as a certain amount of seed, fertilisers, and farm implements to help them to start life anew. The Swedes have also given sewing and knitting machines, 3000 bicycles, and money for social work for the Finns.

Another valuable gift to these homeless people has been the delivery of 2000 timber houses.

Sweden has also given to her other neighbour, Norway, 600 timber houses, food, clothes, and medicine for distribution by the Swedish Red Cross; and six homes which will house 50 children are being established and will be maintained by the Swedish people for two years.

We hear also of a fine piece of neighbourly work inspired and maintained by the Swedish Colony in London. It is a model Rest Centre at Hampstead Heath, started at the beginning of the year in beautiful premises in Wedderburn Road, a hostel for Swedish women who came to London to study before the war. This fine house has now been given to Hampstead for the duration of the war by the Swedish Legation in order to make life comfortable for the homeless in London.

The first guest of the Centre was an East End baby named Michael David, whom a friend of ours found clean, snug, and smiling in his cot, and there are now between twenty and thirty children in the home.

Who can measure in human happiness the value of this Swedish contribution?

THE COUNTRYSIDE WAKES UP FROM SLEEP

Winter is ending, spring is coming, and summer is not far away. We are entering on the best, loveliest, and most wonderful season of the year.

Spring is the daughter of winter and mother of Summer. She receives from her mother a quiet and sleeping world; she passes on to her daughter a world brimming with life and beauty. Flowers have sprung up at her bidding; blossoms bedeck the fields; the corn is leaping up as if it would brush the sky; the trees are shaking joyous hands at the radiant sun. But there is another resurrection in progress all about us.

Nature takes a quiet, still, uncrowded countryside and fills it with crowded, hurrying life. For an hour in the garden you will see the miracle of new shape before your eyes. The blustering month of March sees life stealing out from the folds of somewhere, life which has been missing through the long, chill months.

The Magic Wand

The slugs are out from their hiding; the snails have taken to the shutters that bar the entrance to their dwellings; the birds are shouting from every bush and ditch; the bat launches himself into the air at night; the hedgehog hastens from his hiding. The badger is astir in the woods; the squirrel no longer sleeps a week at a time. A little while ago there was not a suggestion of life to be seen; save where the birds bustled busily about the lawn or borders. But a magic wand has been waved over the face of the earth, and living forms start up at every turn.

Winter has not been a season of death for all the little creatures in the garden, the hedgerow, and the field. It never is. It is a time of rest, forgetfulness, and safety.

But there seems a miracle in it all. Tiny insects, fragile as the eggs from which they came, have, like the burly armoured hedgehog, passed winter days and nights without food or drink; bats have passed the winter in the same way; the tiny dormouse and the long-tailed field-mouse have been fast asleep in their hiding-place; and with them have slept the toad in his muddy retreat and the baby spider in its silken cradle.

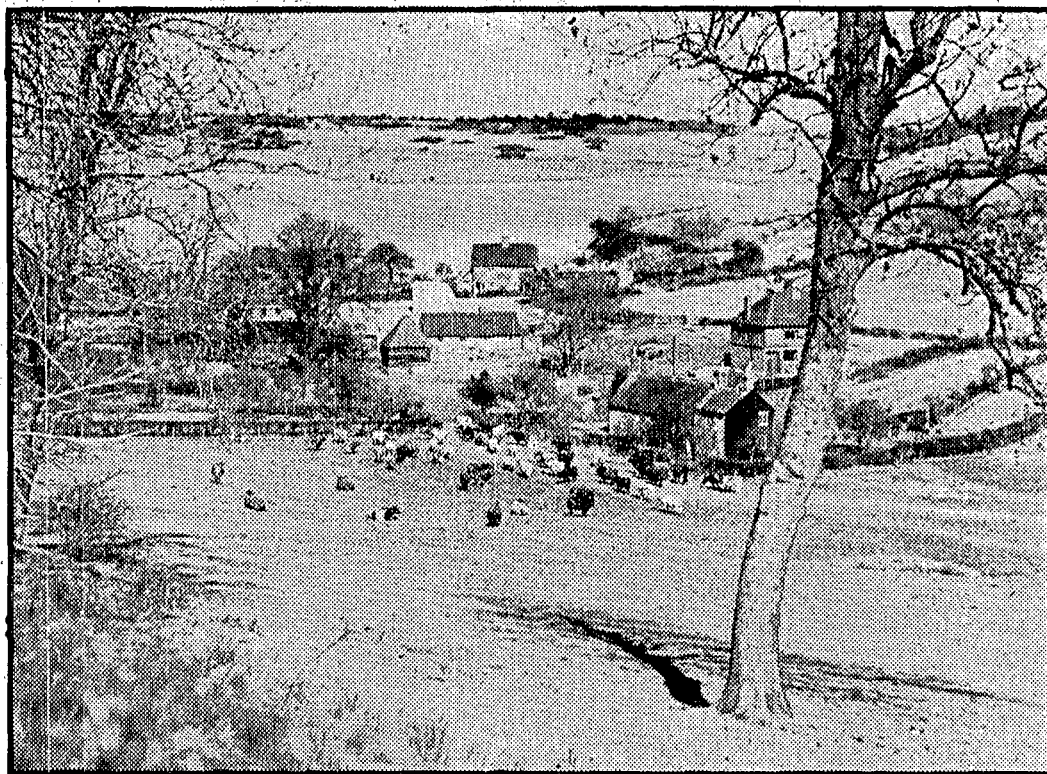
Why They Go to Sleep

These little creatures are so marvellously guarded by Nature that for all the winter months they can defy time and cold and hunger. It is not the cold that sends them to sleep, but the cutting off of food supplies. Towards the end of the year insects become scarce. The food supplies of the insects vanish with the passing of autumn, and the insects vanish with them. Either they go into their winter sleep or, as is more often the case, the adult insects die.

The worms have tunnelled below the frostline, and are coiled up in the soil, where only the powerful moles and active shrews can reach them. The food of the field-mouse and the dormouse is cut off by the scythe of winter; there are no worms or beetles or moths for the frogs and toads; there is no tender herbage for snail or slug, no nectar for butterflies or moths.

If the food of human beings suddenly disappeared we should all die; but we have brains enabling us to make provision in advance; few of the animals have.

In the early part of the year they eat to meet their bodily needs. As summer advances they eat more than is necessary, and the excess goes to build up a reserve of fat in the body. Then they slowly prepare for the Great Sleep. If the weather continues



evenly cold, they may pass the entire winter without waking; if it should prove a mild winter, some may be warmed into coming out to see what is stirring. But they soon cuddle down again in the bed they have chosen—yes, chosen, for they must choose their site wisely, where the temperature will not greatly vary, lest a rapid drop in temperature awaken them from their sleep and they die.

So while we have wondered why the garden and fields around seemed so lifeless all the winter days this mysterious process of Nature has been going on.

Active Queens

It is over now, until the end of next autumn, and, having had their long sleep, our friends are about again, active, hungry, busy as a bee. During the winter there have been comparatively few wasps in existence. Only the queen wasps live on; the workers die in the autumn. The queens are active now, laying the foundations of the nests in which they will lay their eggs.

The little bundles of golden balls that we see clutched up together in the wonderful webs are the children of the great garden spider we watched at work last summer. She is dead, but these are her babies. They have all nestled together in their cosy cradle through the winter, and have eaten nothing; now they will begin to scatter from the nest and seek their prey.

Life is springing into being in the ponds and ditches, where for all these months fish have lain half buried in the mud, where the larvae of water insects have slept, where the frogs have dozed without eating or drinking, without even breathing. Now the frogs are up and out, the liveliest creatures in the world. They are making their nurseries. The females are laying their eggs and the males bustling about in the water.

And that master-builder of the lowly world, the old snail, has unbarred his door. Every autumn he erects across his portal a solid horny barrier,

with only a little opening to admit air for him to breathe, and behind that barrier he is as safe and snug as a baron in his castle. He is in many ways a wonderful fellow, perhaps the first creature in the world to understand the meaning of friction and to master it.

The snail has to drag himself along rough ground over which it is difficult to travel, and to meet this difficulty he has a gland in the front part of the muscular foot, and from this gland a slimy fluid is poured as he crawls, making the ground slippery and easily passed by the snail's body. The silvery tracks on the garden paths in the morning are his wonderful roads.

The snails and slugs, thin and hungry after their long sleep, work havoc among the gardener's early growths, but there are various policemen looking out for them. Apart from the birds, which snap up slugs and swallow them at a gulp, and crack the shells of snails against big stones, there are four-footed friends of the gardener to keep watch on the slippery foe. The frogs and toads are always looking out for slugs, though the shells of snails are too much for them. But a slug is a tit-bit for them, and also for the hedgehog.

Enemy of the Snake

As far as we are concerned there is this comforting thought when we see the hedgehog come out from its hiding and renew its business pursuits—that where we have these animals we need not go in fear of the snakes, which the sunlight of March brings from their retreats. In England we have only one snake to fear, and that is the viper. The viper is a venomous creature, whose bite may kill. It lives on mice, small birds, frogs, and other little animals. In winter the vipers, like other snakes, collect in numbers to hibernate, and cluster together under the roots of trees or elsewhere, a tangled mass. Now the hedgehog and the snake wake up at about the same time, and the hedgehog is one of the

policemen guarding us against the reptile, on which it delights to feed, feeling no ill-effect from the poison of its fangs.

Another little animal which now comes out to make up for lost time is the squirrel. Squirrels cannot be said to hibernate, as do some of the other animals of which we have been thinking, but they sleep away short spells of bad weather, and only when they are very hungry do they creep out of their homes to pop down the tree, dig up an acorn or two, and scamper back to bed.

The Beating Heart

The powerful badger of the woods has a sort of partial hibernation in the coldest weather, lying snug, asleep in his fortress under the earth until milder weather or a severe attack of appetite drives him out above ground. But these two examples, the squirrel and the badger, do not represent real hibernation. The hibernating animals, when in their winter sleep, can be dropped into water or chambers of poisonous gas without the least ill-effect. Their hearts go on slowly beating, apparently the only part of them alive, but the body lives on the store of fat which the animal builds up on the approach of winter.

Does a butterfly lay up a store of food? That we cannot say, yet it is true that certain butterflies hibernate. Vanessa butterflies come sailing into the sun on a gentle winter's day. They are not newly hatched, as at first we are apt to think. They are lovely reminders of summer which have managed to find a snug, sheltered retreat; and when the sun has won his battle with the clouds, out they flit.

If the tender butterfly can survive, we need not wonder that the aged tortoise, within his massive fortress of horny mail, should manage to live in the hole he excavates with his sharp-clawed feet. Now the tortoises are creeping out from their beds with all the other creatures that have shared their rest. It is the end of the Great Sleep and the beginning of new life.

BEDTIME CORNER

THE MARCH WIND

HEIGH-HO,
How the wind does blow!
March is a lion,
I'd have you know.
He shakes all the trees
So they can't keep still,



and he sends my hat
To the top of a hill.
Heigh-ho,
How the wind does blow!

The Vain Singer

A MAN who had a very poor voice had a room that produced excellent echoes, and by singing often in this chamber he came to the conclusion that he was a splendid singer, although it was really

the echo which gave a pleasing sensation.

At last the man became so proud and conceited that he determined to sing in public, and at the very first song the people shouted with laughter at his bad voice, and would not listen to more, but hissed him off the stage.

Pride goes before a fall.

Bible Question

Who was the preacher who baptised Jesus in the Jordan?

JOHN

ALMIGHTY God, help us to do our part in the warfare that shall end all strife. Where the sword still rules establish the reign of love. Heal the sores and stripes of humanity, and stay the pestilence that walketh in the darkness. Unite us in one brotherhood in Jesus Christ, so that His promises shall be heard in every tongue. May all nations bow down before Him. Hasten the coming of His Kingdom upon earth, so that the desert, the wilderness of sin and sorrow and suffering, shall blossom with the fragrance of the rose.
Amen

THE BRAN TUB

COOL

SAID the manager to the office boy: "Don't whistle while you are working."

Said the office boy to the manager: "I'm not working, sir."

What Am I?

WHEN whole I'm to survey;

But when of tail befeet,
To strive or emulate,
There surely will be left;
And now curtail again,
There will be left but two;
Yet if you add two more,
Then eight 'twill bring to view.

Answer next week

Safety First

A MAN was bathing at the seaside when he got into difficulties, but fortunately he was rescued. After he had recovered from the shock he assured his friends that he would never enter the water again until he had learned to swim.

A Disgrace to the Force



THE constables of Gnomeland
Their duty love to do;
They watch to see that no one robs
The blossoms of their dew.
But in the kitchen garden
It's possible to meet
A pixie policeman who has gone
To sleep upon his beet!

School Howlers

HORSE-POWER is the distance one horse can carry one pound of water in one hour.

An angle is a triangle with two sides.

A ruminating animal is one that chews its cubs.

Tennyson wrote "In Memorandum."

A vacuum is a large, empty space where the Pope lives.

Algebraical symbols are used when we don't know what we are talking about.

Jerusalem was surrounded by walls so as to keep in the milk and honey.

Jacko Shoots the Pond



THE heavy plank that Jacko was carrying home seemed a frightful bore, till he came to the village pond. And there the sight of a convenient tree gave him an idea. He'd place the plank against the tree and make a chute! It made a beauty. Jacko was soon joined by his friend Chimp, and they had a fine time. It was only the ducks that objected!

The Elephant Sat on the Bottles

THE strength of empty half-pint glass bottles was demonstrated some time ago when four of them were used to support a wooden platform on which an elephant sat. None of the bottles was broken, although one of them was driven half an inch into the boards by extra pressure at that point.

Do You Live in Burton?

THE old spelling in Domesday Book is Burtune, and the name is made up of two old English words burh and tun, meaning fortified dwelling-place. No doubt when it received its name Burton was an important fortified place. Ashburton means the fortified dwelling-place by the ash tree.

NATURE'S NEWS REEL FOR MARCH

THE viper is seen about
Daffodils and sweet violets flower
Willow, yew, and elder blossom
Goose and duck are laying
The wryneck returns
The ladybird appears
The land tortoise wakes up
Trout begin to rise
Marsh marigold is in blossom
So are dog violet and shepherd's
Last hooded crows are seen
The pied wagtail is heard
Turkeycock struts and gobbles
Red ants and humble bees appear
Common gnat is on the wing
Gossamer floats in the air

Apricot and peach are blossoming
Blackcurrant and gooseberry open
leaves
So do lilac and syringa
The aspen is in flower
Magpies and jackdaws make nests
Linnet and green woodpecker heard
The rook lays its eggs
Willow catkins are opening
White poplar is flowering
Goslings and ducklings hatch
Rook and tawny owl lay eggs
The common toad spawns
Peacock butterflies are seen
Wallflower, hyacinth, and cowslip
bloom
Small tortoiseshell butterflies seen

Ici on Parle Français

A Horse's Memory

A reader gives an illustration of a horse's memory.

On Thursday last week I was eating an apple on my way to school when I saw a big carthorse. As it stood by the pavement I gave it a slice of my apple.

On Thursday this week I met the same horse. This time it was walking, but it stopped beside me, and would not go on till I had given it another slice of apple.

La Mémoire d'un Cheval

Un lecteur donne un exemple de la mémoire d'un cheval.

J'aurai de la semaine dernière je mangeais une pomme, en route pour l'école, quand je vis un grand cheval de charrette. Comme il se tenait près du trottoir je lui donnai une tranche de ma pomme.

J'ai de cette semaine je rencontrais le même cheval. Cette fois-ci il allait au pas, mais il s'arrêta près de moi et refusa de se remettre en route avant que je lui eusse donné une autre tranche de pomme.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM

ELSIE was very good at arithmetic, and her brother Jack often tried to puzzle her with strange sums.

"Here's a good one, Elsie," he said one day. "If half of two were three, what would a quarter of twenty be?"

But it was only a few seconds before Elsie gave the right answer. What was it?

Answer next week

An Obstinate Pet

THERE was a young fellow of Eye
Who had, as a pet, a tame fly;
He taught it to think,
Blow its nose, and to wink,
But he couldn't get it to cry.

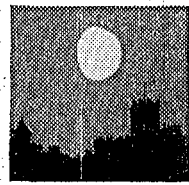
How Mrs Browning Wrote Her Name

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING was born at Coxhoe Hall in Durham on March 6, 1806, and married Robert Browning forty years later, when both of them were in their full flight as poets. One of the few women to make a great name in poetry, she wrote with a grace, warmth, and skill that made her verse a worthy companion of that of her husband and a real part of English literature. Few marriages can have been happier than hers. This is how she wrote her name:

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south-west. In the morning Mars is in the south. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 10 o'clock on Sunday night, March 9.



Divided Word

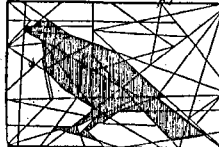
ONE ray of light divide in twain,
Two perfect words you'll see
quite plain;
Each the same meaning will convey,
Our present state they both display.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Fourfold Enigma. Tars, rats, arts, stars

A Big Salmon
The salmon weighed 64 lbs.
Tail 8 lbs; body 32 lbs; head 24 lbs.



The Birthday of Billikins

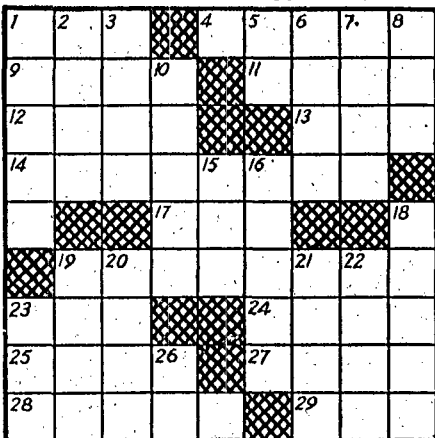
"A TEDDY bear," said Billikins, "Is a jolly thing, no doubt; But I'd much rather have a knife And whistle—like a Scout."

"They say I'm not quite old enough—
At any rate I'm four—
In years, but if you count in months
It sounds a great deal more."

"For twelve times four are forty-eight!
I wonder who arranged
The plan for counting age in years?
I wish it could be changed."

"I'm forty-eight! How old it sounds!
Quite long enough a life,
You'd think, for any boy to have
A whistle and a knife."

Half-Hour Cross Word



Asterisks indicate abbreviations. Answer next week

Reading Across. 1 A brick-layer's labourer uses this. 4 Energy. 9 To incite. 11 A bean giving numerous products. 12 An equal. 13 Valuable cereal plant. 14 Ancient Egyptian tombs. 17 A common British beetle. 19 Scouts must be this. 23 Wrath. 24 A froglike creature. 25 Not far distant. 27 Besides. 28 Beautiful maiden of Greek mythology. 29 Guided.

Reading Down. 1 Cheerful. 2 To do as bid. 3 Animal with branching horns. 5 Outside. 6 Timber. 7 A young hawk. 8 Destructive rodent. 10 Commerce. 15 Used for cleaning floors. 16 Angry. 18 Put together. 19 A victim. 20 To widen a hole in metal. 21 To revolve. 22 Comfort. 23 A lodging house. 26 Reply paid.*

Wonders of Animal Life

20. Spider in a Diving-Bell

The water-spider weaves a nest like a diving-bell against some aquatic plant, and carries down bubbles of air to fill it. Then it lays its eggs inside, and these are hatched under water; but the young spiders, though air-breathing creatures, are able to pass their early days in air by means of the diving-bell.

21. A Fish Marksman

The beaked chaetodon, a native of the fresh-waters of India, catches its prey in a strange way. When it sees a fly alighting on a leaf overhanging the water it approaches

Children's Teeth in War-Time



Even in war-time a child's diet must contain a proportion of sweet things for nourishment and energy. But sweet things cause acid-mouth which encourages the germs which attack and decay the teeth. To protect the teeth a child's toothpaste should contain plenty of 'Milk of Magnesia,' the most effective neutralizer of mouth acids known. Only in one toothpaste 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is to be found, and that is Phillip's Dental Magnesia, which contains 75%.

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